

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reflection.

HERE'S only a breath of roses in the air
To tell that she has come and gone. Ah me!
To think that dreams are all I have and she
Will go her way forgetful,—she so fair,
My mourning thoughts go with her everywhere,
Touching her cheek in love that can never be,
Looking deep into eyes that can not see,
Telling with unheard lips the love I bear.

Some time in the years' forgetfulness,
When youth is gone and age comes gray and old,
And visions struggle back to early days,
Perhaps, she'll say, "I knew him once, ah yes,
So long ago!" And yet her dreams may hold
Only a dim, blurred image of my face.

**

Bitterness.

SINCE you have thought it best, so let it be;
Sincerity yourself the more endears.
Why you stop and falter, then, in tears,
As if your heart still beat with love for me?
Love, I had thought, loved always: now I see
Its flame burns low in days, and with the years
Flutters awhile, perhaps, and disappears,
Leaving no trace of love's inconstancy.

Yet I would have you happy. I, I know,
Am all too mean for such a one as you,
And must content myself with lesser things.
I leave you to that better one, and go
Dreaming of days that never will be true,
Drowning all thought in vague imaginings.

ELMER J. MURPHY.

The Old Play and Players in New Places.

PAUL J. RAGAN '97.



At the good old Easter-tide we extend our greeting and say with Charles Lamb: "The compliments of the season and a merry Easter to you all." During the past weeks we were meditating on the different stages of the greatest of tragedies. Envy, scorn, unbridled hate and all the frenzy of human passions on the one side, worked against the mightiest of heroes on the other. He, the persecuted, the meek and gentle Prince, suffered Himself to be banished from His kingdom, and for a time, all the hopes of the wavering were buried under the stone, in the sepulchre at Gethsemane. Yet all was not lost; while the conspirators were revelling over their apparent success, mighty forces of the Unseen were hurled against them, and thus, in the end Life conquered Death.

Now that all is over, and we rest for awhile, what if we take a stroll amid other scenes? Down along the broad path all looks inviting; there is much to interest us, and many an old friend will we meet. But, mind you, we have not left the Great Theatre, and be not startled if at any time you hear a clamor from the audience. The fool still jests for the amusement of his master, and he of the buckskin boots reigns in the middle of the stage. Give not much attention to them, for they will always be with us. When these of the present hour are gone, so true a counterpart of them will appear that we shall not notice the change.

Fate knows but one play, and she must always find characters to fill up the same cast. Even now here is our old friend, Lear, on the



walk ahead. You see he has not changed. The same gray locks, once washed by the beating rain, hang over his stooped shoulders. In disposition, he is the same childish, petulant old man, looking for affection that he does not receive. Yet he tramps upon the flower that he seeks, and all along his path the crushed petals of that fragrant bloom tell of his blindness. Close behind the old man follows she, with a bleeding heart, and one full of compassion for his misfortunes, who alone can offer him the comfort he needs. At last he recognizes her; for, as I am a man, I think this lady to be his child—Cordelia. The meeting is the same as it was long years ago, when we saw the imaginary Lear and his daughter, and thought that they had passed forever from the stage.

But they are not here alone. Do you not recognize familiar countenances just beyond, where the road divides? That one frank and benevolent, yet betraying weakness of soul, the other dark and misgiving, with the keen, treacherous, villainous eyes—are they not Othello and Iago, whom we have missed for awhile going toward our American divorce court? Yes, and farther on there are still more whom we have met. In the midst of that laughing crowd are Rosalind, Orlando, Viola and Sebastian. Just beyond them goes Polonius, attempting to look sage, and offering counsel to the melancholy Jacques or to the world, for that matter; to the right stands portly Jack Falstaff, still endeavoring to make his companions believe an exaggerated story of his exploits.

We still find people the same as they were long ago. In the drama of life, time brings naught but change of scene: plot and players are always the same. Ambition found many Macbeths to destroy before Shakspeare's time; and even now, a new hero steps in where the last one has perished. Thirst for power, jealousy and pride still lead their victims to ruin, and then stalk back over their withering bones to decoy others into following a like path. Lears, Othellos and Romeos live not for one age but forever. Thus it is that the same sad tragedy goes on from age to age, and will end only when a curtain falls over the sun and this world of ours ceases to exist.

But what of the motley crowd who are playing less serious parts? Among these we may read the story of our lives, for according to the line that

"... in his time each man plays many parts,"

we must be represented somewhere. Every rank from the noble Herakles to the cowardly, vacillating Dionysius is to be found in this throng. They have not the high-strung passions driving them on to speedy ruin; they lack the impetuosity that brings them face to face with perilous crises; in fact, their parts, many of them, have naught of importance in them, and during a great portion of the time they figure in nothing better than a pitiable farce, or at best, a light-veined comedy. Here, for instance, is a part that we have seen played many times. These men that you behold close by, would fain tender their good offices to Riches and Popularity. These latter gentlemen scorn them and bid them remain with their own. Heaven send sympathy to these poor creatures, for they chase a phantom, and their works are as fruitless as those of Sisyphus and the Danaides. Here, too, is the youth that courts Mistress Fame, but just when he is about to urge his suit, that cunning damsel runs away with an old rival that has suddenly put in an appearance.

Over on the other side comes Jealousy with his attendants. It is strange how well this monster retains his following. Methinks this man here profits but little from those that have gone before him. Truly a great teacher is Experience; yet he must take each individual under his personal charge, for his precepts can not be transmitted. He that sees the villain lying under his neighbor's window thinks not to protect his own household until the thief has entered it, else we had done with such as Jealousy long ago. He has destroyed many an Othello in his time, yet he stands high in the graces of the multitude.

But, peace! What scene is this they are preparing? Can it be that we are to have another act of war? I thought the partisans of Mars had long since tired of hearing the clank of armor and the music of artillery. Many æons ago the heroes, Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, played this same part with more or less credit. There can be no improvement on their rendition, and the plot remains intact. Must we sit to watch the same thrilling climax with its corresponding bloody catastrophe? It seems that it can never be played to the end. See how that assembly of bewhiskered Spaniards awakens with the entrance of the troops! And even among our own worthy citizens, how many are anxiously applauding for a reproduction of this spectacle? Alas! when will the eyes of men grow tired of blood and carnage? How many lives must still be sacrificed, and

how many ages yet unborn must pass away before that minstrel comes, who sings of Love and Peace?

Yet, after all, there is not much to be wondered at in this. If Pride could invade the kingdom of Heaven and cause the first angels to fall, surely it can work havoc and destruction in this land of exile. Even though men in general talk and wish for peace and good will, what faith can we put in this? Man's sentiments are like the garden wherein the flower that blooms with today's sun will wilt tomorrow. Perfect contentment and happiness are songs that are never sung on this side of the grave.

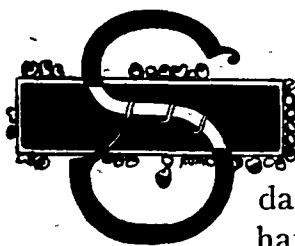
Each man has a little world of his own to conquer, and when he has succeeded, instead of resting contented with his work, he weeps, like Alexander the Great, because there are no more worlds to subdue. The philosophy—spare us the irony of that word, for we have no other to replace it,—the philosophy of Empedocles has found its followers in our day. For though few people would imitate his example of jumping into the crater of Mount *Ætna*, there are many who, like him, are too good for this world, and desire to hasten to their places among the immortals.

This player here gives us the key to the foregoing act. Once he had friends that he valued dearly. They disagreed about some trivial matter, and now their walks are different. He does not care; if they do not wish to yield, he can be just as independent about the matter as they can. So he lets them go, and seeks new associates; but these are like the old ones, and they too soon pass by without speaking. Thus he casts away the rare pearl of friendship—the charm that binds man to man and nation to nation; when it is lost, the gates to rebellion and strife are open. Yet poor, foolish man thinks it not worth while going to a little inconvenience to get it.

There is no use in going farther; we meet with nothing new. The same passions, working on the same weak individuals, can bring no change; and man will ever be the greatest enemy to himself. We can find no more amusement in watching this endless play. Let us look through the vast crowd for the friends that we have "by true adoption tried." They are scarce you say? True, indeed; but here are Desdemona, Imogen, Damon, Horatio, Antonio and a few others. With these let us retrace our steps, for the night is cold and I am sick at heart.

Dream Pictures.

FRANCIS J. F. CONFER, '97.



SOME time in the great, broad future we shall look back through the vista of time upon our college days. Perhaps our eyes will have grown keen and hard in the battle of life; perhaps sentiment and enthusiasm will have been eradicated from our hearts. Then shall we view the memory-picture of these college days calmly, coldly; criticising each event or action as though we had had no part in it, weighing it in the balance of our accumulated experience, comparing it with the standards that we shall then have set for ourselves.

Or, more likely, the passing years will have cast a halo about the days of our youth, and the spectacles that we shall have called to aid our failing sight will be of roseate tints when we look through them at the long ago. Then will our college days linger on our recollection, calmly, too; for the sentiment and enthusiasm that they once awakened will have been mellowed by time—but not coldly.

Far back along the avenue of finished days, in the vanishing perspective of fading recollection, we can see ourselves plodding through our books. The days, the weeks, the years of toil and study that once seemed endless, are now but a mere speck against the distant horizon of the past. Yet even as we look the picture grows more distinct.

Forgotten details that were burned into our minds during the impressionable days of youth come back to us with all their bold tracery and rich coloring; our eyes grow bright, the warm blood tingles in our veins—we are boys again. We can feel the old thrill when we recall our contests in athletics and debate; we can remember the humdrum of the days and years spent in ceaseless toil through our books,—bleak winter days when all nature craved rest; bright spring days when our superabundant animal spirits bade us romp and revel on the campus, rather than sit all day under the master's ferule. We recollect the irksomeness, the hopelessness of it all.

Yet our labor was not altogether joyless even then. Each day took us farther on the rough road of knowledge, raised us higher up the difficult steeps of science. As we struggled

onward with no time to pause or rest, we were refreshed by the beauty of the flowers that bedecked our way, stimulated to renewed efforts by the sight of a fairer land beyond. Each hilltop had on its summit a rose of purest white that we might pluck as we passed by. Some we gathered; others we left unheeded.

How paradoxical it was that the flowers we culled did not weigh us down or impede our progress. As the load we carried increased in size, so did we find our ability multiplied. The greater our burden the more rapidly we advanced. Whenever we left anything behind, did we not notice that thereafter we passed flowers whose beauty we could not appreciate, we came to hills that we could not surmount, and around whose base we were obliged to make a long and tedious detour?

Our path was stony and uneven. Oftentimes the rough briars tore our weary feet, the sun beat down relentlessly on our heads, and hot winds were like to suffocate us. On either side grassy lanes invited us with their shade and cooling breezes. Frequently we passed great trees under whose umbrageous branches we were fain to rest.

We hesitated sometimes, even stumbled, but in the end we struggled on. Now that our journey is almost ended, well may we felicitate ourselves upon having ignored the inviting lanes and disdained to rest beneath the trees. For the trees bore no fruit but laziness and sloth, and the lanes led only to false knowledge and vice.

Another time when we have labored over some absorbing task far into the night, we pause at last and lean back into the shadow, while our mind drifts on. The lights have burned low; but just along the border-land of darkness our half-closed eyes trace dream pictures of forms and faces that were once familiar. These are the friends of other days, our comrades for a time on the highway of life. Some were our companions by reason of a community of interests and pursuits; others attracted us with their own intrinsic qualities of heart and mind, and made us love and respect them and seek their company.

The dream picture of each familiar face connotes a world of incident. Each one tells a story. Some are pleasant and tarry fondly on our recollection, as the strains of an old song linger on the ear. Others are fraught with disagreeable episodes, and a shade of annoyance crosses our brow as we recall a portion of our life's journey rendered unpleasant by

unsympathetic companions. Our fellow-travelers, where are they now? Some few, perhaps, are with us still, but all the rest? At each turn of the road some left us, and others took their places. Some vanished for a time, only to reappear farther on; others passed out of our world altogether.

Sometimes when we grew weary, and our flagging footsteps seemed like to bear us from the right road, we were encouraged and strengthened by the word and example of a fearless man that had deep in his heart the principles of truth and justice, and who hesitated not to speak them forth when he saw us falter. How our hearts went out to that man! We envied him his courage, and yet we must needs admire and revere him for it, and in our secret hearts we resolved in future to be like him.

This man was with us at college. In him was embodied all that was good and manly and noble. He was not first in his classes, nor was he numbered among the mushroom heroes of the ball-field; but all through his life at college his fellow-students unconsciously acknowledged his innate strength of character, and looked up to him as a leader, as a man. Whenever we felt tempted to do a mean action we were confronted by the question: "What would *he* say of this?" And despite all the higher motives and aspirations, the present, proximate existence of *his* approbation or censure helped most of all to lift us over the rough places and keep us firmly on the beaten way.

When we stand on the shores of eternity, awaiting only the ship that is to bear us to the hereafter, what can be more consoling than the knowledge that our life's journey has been well accomplished, and the consciousness that we have rare treasures of priceless good works to put on board?

Death reaches out his grim hand to pull in the gang-plank, and we take one last look at this land of toil and disappointment. Outlined there against the dull background of life, and glowing in all the golden-red light of the setting sun are our college days,—the days that moulded our character and taught us those lessons of goodness and truth and justice and virtue, that have brought us safely over life's stony path, and are our companions even now. Farewell! halcyon college days. Would I could waft you hence on the wings of love to that bourn whence no traveller returns, there to greet me when I disembark at my everlasting home!

Faith.

YOU asked me, love, what I should do
If you were gone from me,
And I were sitting in this nook,
Where you are wont to be
When the ingle fire flickers low,
And night blinks drowsily.

I think that I should sit and dream
That now is yesterday;
And you are kneeling by my side
In your sweet, graceful way,
And I am peering in your eyes,
Where Love and Mischief play.

I would not let the sad night hear
A murmur or a sigh.
The strongest proof of love is this,
To feel it can not die,
To think that He himself is love,
And life slips swiftly by.

I know that I should miss you, love,
As the shore would miss the sea;
But I would live and work and pray
Till God would let me be
Where you were, watching, waiting, love,—
If you were gone from me.

FRANK EARLE HERING.

The Thrush.

THE thrush swings low in the lilac bush
Beleaguered by lavender light,
And softly sprinkles the twilight hush,
With fluted pipings to drowsy night,
That creeps across the east with sombre flush.

The amber darts of the low-hung sun
Have softened its wings with gray,
And the trembling notes hold a sadness spun
From the wistful sighs of the nodding day;
For the saddest notes are the sweetest notes away.

It sings the time when the spider webs
The fern to th' anemone;
When the dew-globes gleam as the night-gloom ebbs
From the laurel buds; and the dog-wood tree
Keeps its leaves unstirred, where the owl sits stolidly.

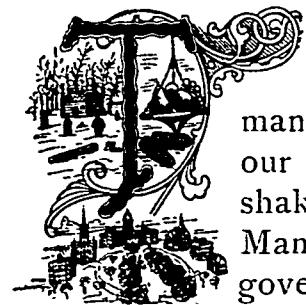
It pipes when the fog-wraith haunts the vale;
When the Erl King mounts the gale,
And the hoar-frost chills the glebe and air.
In the praise of summer all birds share,
But the thrush alone, has a note for winter's care.

There is a chord in the silent tree,
That feels the thrush's song;
The rock-girt shore can hear the sea
Hurl tumblingly its waves along
And charm the air with their sweet threnody.

FARNK EARLE HERING.

Liberty and Authority.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.



HERE is a right measure in everything," said Horace many hundred years ago; and our practical life has left unshaken the truth of his saying. Man is the king of the earth, governing it with his superior intellect, and ordering all earthly beings in subservience to his unconquerable will. This power is the natural result of the divine gift of free will; and that free will being unlimited is very apt to overstep the bounds of a golden mean. How often the sad results of this intrusion blot the pages of history! How often it blasts the fair growth of our own day and lives!

People of all ages and of all nations have enthroned liberty on the highest pinnacles of the universe. The ancient Greeks deified it, and the sweetest strains of their poets glorified it as the most blessed and noble possession of mankind. Their words resounded clearly and forcibly through all these ages, and have found a ready response in the hearts of all people.

This tendency is a quality of man so innate that the glowing embers of freedom seem to be fanned thereby into a brighter and purer blaze as time goes on. But when we glance at the fate of great nations that have preceded us, we can not avoid seeing that their downfall was due to one of two extreme principles regarding freedom. These powers that at one time ruled the world and scorned the hand of a coming destroyer fell into ruin either because liberty unguarded by rightful authority was allowed to degenerate into license, or because the clutches of the tyrant held the people fast and stripped them of all freedom.

The true meaning of liberty has been very often misunderstood by the popular mind. The common opinion is that it is the power of doing what one pleases. This can not be liberty, but its abuse; and were it liberty, violence would be a virtue. Liberty is rather the power of doing what is right; or, as the wise Cicero puts it, "*Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod mihi liceat.*" Evidently there must be some

authority to preserve this natural right; for the impotence of blind, headlong, destructive passions assails it on all sides. In fact, liberty without authority is very similar to a mighty river whose flood is unchecked by levees—the flood rushes unrestrained over its natural banks, and devastates the surrounding country.

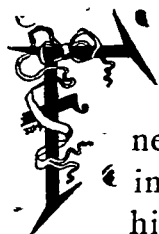
Liberty rightly understood is undoubtedly one of the most precious boons of the human race; but, like the force of a broad waterway, it should have bounds; and when it is not curbed within the strong banks of a just law it inevitably degenerates into anarchy. The absence of law—a thought so dear to the minds of unthinking men—is a far worse tyranny than the heavy burdens imposed by an absolute power. The people that enjoy the greatest political liberty often suffer from the most abject spiritual slavery. Passion and prejudice assail religious ideas, and might frequently makes right to the mind of him who is conscious that nothing can check him in his designs.

Although the rule of the mob, under the high-sounding title of liberty, has been the bane of many a nation, yet the destructive tide has more often surged to the opposite coast, and tyranny has overwhelmed all the natural rights of man. Such a calamity as this has been the heaviest and most unbearable known to man. The history of Rome has been one long, bitter struggle by the common people to throw off the shackles of tyranny. When Tarquin fell the Roman mob went delirious with joy, but they were soon to discover that he was not their only enemy. The rule of the mob turned to brutal violence; and sweet liberty, which they had so long wished for, brought the most bitter rule of anarchical parties. Finally, torn asunder by the strifes of factions, she tottered back once more to be chained down by an absolute power.

The two extremes are the Scylla and Charybdis of a state. Liberty unrestrained by a righteous authority steers the ship of state madly forward to the whirlpool of destruction; tyranny pulls down the guiding sails of freedom, and the ship drifts out of its true course to be shattered on the rocks of Scylla. On the contrary, if the state is controlled by the reason and prudence of a just pilot it sails calmly and safely between the two danger points. The sting of tyranny caused the French revolution. With a war-cry of liberty the people overthrew absolute power; but their disregard for all the principles of humanity proved to the world that such liberty is an enemy to man.

The Revolution of Miss Lydia.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.



OR a month or so Miss Lydia had been fluttering about in the peaceful neighborhood of the Somers, captivating, it might have been, many hearts hitherto unburdened, twirling the cumbersome farmer youth about on her fingers' ends with her ready wit, stirring up the world of the younger generation with her flaunting ribbons and gay colors, and causing the older people to shake their heads in apprehension of some sudden eruption in the slumbering vale of Simpson's Creek. The peace of the community was destroyed. The affairs of men did not continue in the course they had followed for years. Mothers spent the afternoons in discussing the probable outcome of the arrival of this new planet in their ken. Fathers that kept a watchful eye upon their children, frowned upon the refinement in dress that seemed to have come into the family all at once. The tyrant, social position, had set up for himself a throne, and the townspeople were beginning to throw themselves in the dust before it.

On Sunday mornings the church-goers no longer halted on the steps to learn the losses and gains and family difficulties of the village by word of mouth, but went primly and properly homeward with stories of teas and evening parties on their lips. The loud, rustic greeting of former days had shrunk into a precise, clean-cut "good morning." The dun-colored congregation had become alive with green and red and orange gowns and trimmings. The old, rickety, rattling spring wagon that did service to convey the worshippers to their shrine was replaced by a light buggy, large enough to carry the women; the men plodded on foot. The old-time harmony was broken with discord.

In all this chaos the young men were most affected. They that were content to spend the holidays lounging about the stores in the village, seemed to recognize suddenly that it was not a proper pastime for a young man; so they sighed away the long afternoon at home. With frightful prodigality new clothes were purchased; coats that would have done service for two years to come were stowed in the garret. Some idea of fashion came into the minds of these young men. Yet this was but

the beginning of the race. The goal was Miss Lydia herself.

In the family of the Somers all was confusion. The two daughters wasted their time in the planning of new gowns. The ambitious mother counted upon being the leader of the village society. Worst of all Mr. John Somers had become ensnared in the charms of the new deity, and there was no telling where the matter would end. He had taken a leading place in moving the refining process for the town; and because his family was rich in comparison with the rest of the families, he had gone further than others in his clamor for distinction and leadership. He had gone so far as to think that ploughing corn was not a fit occupation for a man of gentility. To get up with the sun and work in the stables was the duty of menials, not his. All this was brought about by Miss Lydia.

Only the ruler of the Somers family remained inflexible, and held things in their course. Mother had pleaded in vain for the poor boy. Sisters had covered him with flattery and bowed before him as a king with no result. The affairs of the farm went on the same as before; but the cloud was gathering that foreboded some disaster.

One evening it came. John Somers came into the room where his father was sitting, drew up a chair awkwardly, cleared his throat nervously, and said: "Father, I'd like to talk to you." The father knew what was coming, and took off his spectacles.

"Well, John, what is it?"

"Father, I guess you know as well as I do—that is—I think it's nearly time I was doing something." This was not at all as John intended to put it; his tongue seemed to grow thick in his mouth. "I'm nigh on to twenty-eight years old now, and I want to—" He stopped again. "To get married" was too strong to say at once. "I want a change."

"Why do want a change?"

"Well, I've been workin' on the farm here for a good many years, now; an' I hain't been getting much for it. You didn't have to get no hired man while I was here; an' I hain't never asked you for no reward."

The questioning eyes were glaring at him.

"What I mean is, it's time for me to be lookin' out for myself."

"Ain't you got a good place here on the farm? Ain't you been getting more than most young fellows get?"

"No, father, I don't think so."

"How's that?"

"I mean that I hain't had much to say about myself. I've gone and done just what you said all the time."

"What do want to do now?"

"Well, father, I want to get married."

"Who d'you want to marry?"

"I asked Miss Lydia night 'fore last, and she says she's willin' as soon as I git a house of my own to live in."

"John, I'm willin' that you should get married as soon as you choose one that's fit for you; but for such a one I wouldn't give a snap. I've been watching you for the month, and I knew what was going to happen; and I made up my mind from the first that you and that hussy wouldn't get married."

"There ain't no use talking that way. I—I love the woman, an' I'm goin' to have her, I don't care what happens." He had intended to say something about defending her with life; but the words failed him.

"John," said the stern parent, "if you will have your way, I don't care. Before this woman came you thought enough of Susan, an' she thought a whole lot of you. Just because *she's* got more style about her you want to marry *her*. Can *she* bake bread? Will *she* go and feed the chickens and do the house work? She'd make a fine wife for you, indeed!"

John thought it was time the conference should come to an end. He arose sullen and silent and went up stairs to his own room.

In the morning John was not at breakfast. The meal was a silent one. No one wished to burst the cloud that was gathering on the father's brow. The old man left word as he went out, "Tell John I'm going down to plough the field down by the 'crick,' an' I want him to come down there right away."

John got up late. He awoke at the usual hour for waking, but he lay long in bed staring at the ceiling and making up plans for the day. Then he arose, and the members of the family downstairs heard him walking about in his room much longer than usual. When he came down he was dressed in his best clothes. Even then the silence was not broken. Breakfast was set before him. The mother said something vague about the meadow; but he did not answer. Instead he went out of the house whistling.

John Somers had a vague notion of doing something; but what that something was he did not know. He could not leave home, because he had no place to go to. He could

not marry without means of support. He trusted to fortune to untie the knot, and gave vent to his perplexity in whistling.

On the way to town he met Tom Jones and Gibbs, both dressed in their finery and both silent.

"Hello! John."

"Hello!"

"Where you goin'?"

"Oh! town. Where *you* goin'?"

"Oh! to town too."

The three went their way silently. They stopped at the grocery instinctively.

"Good-morning," said the clerk, "have you heard that Miss Lydia left yesterday with a travelling-man. 'Some say it's her husband.'"

Three astonished pairs of eyes looked aghast, and three young men knew there was a triangular secret among them, and each angle was alike. In a short time each man went homeward.

John Somers said only one word as he joined his father in the meadow.

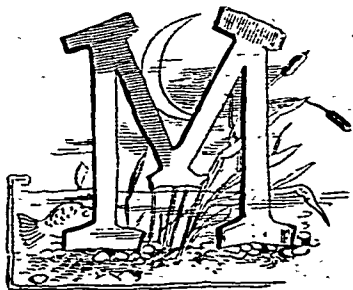
"Little late, John."

"Yes,"

In one week the vale of Simpson's Creek was in peace again.

Easter.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.



AN never forgot his brief play-time in the Garden watered by the parent of the Phison and brother-rivers. It is the memory of that small day of joy, I doubt not, that occasions the frequent rests from his search for bread, in the sweat of his face. The world is as much occupied in feasting as in working. There is no day of the year that is not the anniversary of a brother's birth; we are all fathered by the same gentleman—"the first that ever bore arms." Every man has his own birthday that sets him counting the feast once in a year; our nation has also a time in the twelvemonth to celebrate its day of coming into life,—I trust we increase in love for our country as we grow less noisy on the Fourth of July. There are other days—which we hold in honor of another—more needful than those of family or nation. We have feasts of the Author of all; and it is well,

"Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Now we come, through the Lenten season, to the Easter-time. This is the sun of our solar system of Church-feasts, and around it the other planet feasts revolve. The ceremony of the Pasch among the fathers of us Christians, the Jews, was replaced by Easter. It was easier to modify old customs than do away with the structure of the ancient religion. In England the Saxons had a day for their goddess Easter. It was changed, and likely gave the name to the feast of Easter. The beginning of this day is left untold. Surely it began to be observed very early. Chrysostom says in his age they were too near the time of the Lord to begin the observance of particular days. They that established this and other feasts were mindful that the season should come when men would not have His life so constantly in mind.

The feast of Easter was yet young when a dispute began about the proper day for its observance. A Decree fixed the time that still holds. This decision was unknown for a period in the land of the Angles, in consequence of their disregard, or most probably ignorance, of the later means of spreading decrees and also less important matter. For this reason the people of England were not one in their opinion, and some fasted when others were in Easter week. Oswy, King of Northumbria, followed the custom of the country; but his wife, who had been taught by a Roman, held the appointed day. He called the two factions to meet at Whitby, and his kingship was the judge. The arguments were many on both sides. At the end each talker admitted Peter and his successors were made the head, and so Oswy concluded: "Then I tell you plainly I shall not stand opposed to the door-keeper of the kingdom of heaven; I desire, as far as in me lies, to adhere to his precepts and obey his commands, lest by offending him who keepeth the keys, I should, when I present myself at the gate, find no one to open to me."

Perhaps we welcome the Easter bells more heartily after being made fools on the first of the April days. If we do not learn our own folly quietly we may be lessoned on this day. Fortune, or even a slight acquaintance with books or men that stand in the public gaze, will often put us in great conceit. How fortunate that a very child of the street has opportunity once in the year to discover to godded man his littleness! A paper tacked on the back of your gravest citizen will make fun for the whole

boy-world, and cause even old heads to smile and have concern lest their own wisdom be not put to shame. It is best that man thus grow in humbleness before the Easter day:

"The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale."

We are come through the season of white and cold into the time of budding tree and greening field. We welcome the approach of spring, but sacrifice not to her, for Olympus is emptied, and even the Easter of the Saxons is forsaken; the Resurrection has replaced all. There are more people thinking of His life now than ever before, fewer without some knowledge of His birth, death, and return to life. On the day that we hold the anniversary of His exit from the tomb, it comes soon, more people go churchward than are to be found in pagan lands. Where are the Easter-bells not heard? Theirs is the sweetest peal of the year. The tone that rings the Old Year out is, if not melancholy, at least troubled; but the bells of Easter sing but of gladness. The solemnity of the Lenten season, the sadness and intensity of Holy Week, are lost in the absorbing tone of joy. All the misery, fear and error of the world are forgotten. The thought is never present that this sound was unheard in the ages before the days of the Nazarene; that it is yet, in countries large and filled with people, unknown. We believe that it must go to all parts of the earth; but I fear we are not at times much concerned whether it go there.

This is the most splendid of all our feasts; would not the Greeks, if they but knew, put us to shame? What if they had the truth? With their devotion, art and reverence, I think, their grandeur would surpass ours as their life did. What should be their temples, customs, hymns? We may in time approach what they would have been; now we know not of it. Our greatest concern is that we be gay-suited against Easter-day. Flowers and dress, if they make not for piety, at least denote respect. Reverence is not so far removed from devotion that it may not be easily attained.

In a few mornings the cannons will boom from the castle of St. Angelo to announce to man the feast of the Resurrection. The world will look up from its toilsome life, for it is Christian. The same announcement has been heard very many times. In the beginning the race gave no very attentive ear to the sound. The voice has not ceased; as time runs it cries forth and, though listened in the beginning it goes on, for in the end all shall hear.

Easter Hymns.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

LOULD ring the bells of the Christian world. The chimes in thousands of church towers peal forth their joyous melodies. Faithful millions lay aside the penitential garments of Lent, and with gladdened hearts hasten to God's temples where their voices rise in alleluias to the Lord of Hosts. And the ancient hymns of the cloister are sung with, the same spirit of love and adoration in which they were written centuries ago,—for we hail the same Redeemer now as then, and in the same voices cry out: "Lo! He is arisen."

All the early hymns were composed in Latin. There was no universal metre, and all poems were in unrimed verse. Such productions as the "Dies Iræ, Dies Illa" of Thomas of Celano, and the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" will ever be among the most favored writings of sacred poetry. The grandeur and the solemn strains of the former, and the tenderness and sympathy expressed in the latter are rarely equalled. Yet, for the present, we must put aside these two Lenten hymns to consider the happier chants of Easter.

The same men that kept alive the Christian faith in the early days of the Church and paved the way to our modern civilization, gave us the most precious gems in sacred poetry. They caught the first rays of the Easter sun. "No Lover," says Foxcraft, "ever sang to his mistress with a more passionate intensity than that with which Fortunatus and Bernard addressed their Lord." Indeed, it seems that the monk, closeted in his bleak and lonesome cell, found brighter thoughts of that glorious day of the Resurrection than any other man. His soul seemed to transcend the gloomy walls of the monastery, and carry itself back five centuries to the first Easter morn, and there, beside the Holy Sepulchre, to pour forth the inspired feelings of his heart in immortal words.

Among the earliest Easter hymns we know of is one entitled "Hic est dies verus Dei." It was written in the fourth century by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. It contains eight stanzas in all, and the first and last stanzas are translated thus:

"This is the very day of the Lord,—

Serene with holy light it came,—

In which the stream of sacred blood

Swept over the world's crime and shame,

"That since death thus hath passed on all,
The dead might all arise again;
By his own death-blow death might fall,
And o'er his unshared fall complain."

St. Ambrose was born at Treves in 340. He held high positions in the state, and succeeded Auxentius as Bishop of Milan in 374. He died in 397, and is buried in the Church of San Ambrogio. His life was very romantic; and there are many instances of his successful struggles with the pagan nobles. When the Empress Justina commanded St. Ambrose to give up the Portion Church in Milan to the Arians he refused. And it is related that when soldiers came to force him to give it up, he kept the congregation assembled within the church until the soldiers withdrew. This he did by keeping the enthusiasm of the people aroused by continually singing hymns that he had written.

Another Easter hymn composed by Saint Ambrose begins, "Ad cœnam agni providi." It is thought that newly baptized catechumens sang this hymn when they first partook of the sacraments. Mrs. Charles furnishes us with a translation:

"The supper of the Lord to share,
We come in vesture white and fair;
The Red Sea crossed, our hymn we sing
To Christ our Captain and our King.

"His holy body on the cross,
Parched, on that altar hung for us;
And, drinking of His crimson blood,
We live upon the living God.

"When Christ from out the tomb arose,
Victor o'er hell and all His foes,
The tyrant forth in chains He drew,
And planted paradise anew.

"Author of all, to Thee we pray,
In this our Easter joy today;
From every weapon death can wield
Thy trusting people ever shield."

Venantius Fortunatus is another writer of Easter hymns. He was born at Venice in the sixth century, and studied at Ravenna. He was Bishop of Poitiers; and he died about 610. Fortunatus wrote, besides many other hymns, the "Pange Lingua Gloriosi," and the "Vexilla Regis Prædeunt." His best production is the Easter hymn "Salve Festa Dies." In this hymn he welcomes Easter as the "Day of days"; and he pours forth the fervor of his soul at the thought of the Resurrection; and a finer lyrical movement can not be found than in his description of the Ascension. Three stanzas of a translation are here given:

"Hail, day of days, in peals of praise,
Through all ages crowned,
When Christ our God hell's empire trod,
And high o'er heaven was throned.

"As star by star he mounts afar,
And hell imprisoned lies,
Let stars and light and depths and height
In alleluias rise.

"Lo, He who died, the Crucified,
God over all He reigns!
On Him we call, His creatures all,
Who heaven and earth sustains."

Neither St. Ambrose nor Fortunatus made use of rime. It was not until about the twelfth century, in the hands of Adam of St. Victor, that rimed Latin verse reached its perfection. The rhythm in Adam's Easter hymn beginning "Pone Luctum, Magdalena" shows how beautiful and harmonious the Latin language really is. Though it loses much of its beauty by translation, still a part of its original merit is retained in the translation by the Rev. E. A. Washburn:

"Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena!
See, thy living Master stands!
See His face, as ever smiling;
See those wounds upon His hands,
On His feet, His sacred side,—
Gems that deck the Glorified.
Hallelujah!"

There are many other hymnologists among the monks of the early Church; in fact, nearly every monastery had its bard. There was nothing that furnished the singers of the cloister with more and better themes than the Resurrection. The life of Christ, His passion, death, and triumph over the tomb were ever present in their minds, and thus it is that they have excelled as writers of Easter hymns.

One more short hymn, the "Finita Jam Sunt Prælia," written by an unknown monk of the twelfth century, and this brief sketch is ended. It is one of the prettiest of all the Easter hymns that have been translated into English; and its musical notation is that of a pure, joyous Christian soul on Easter morning:

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
Finished is the battle now;
The crown is on the Victor's brow!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!"

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
On the third morning He arose,
Bright with victory o'er His foes,
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia!"

Varsity Verse.

THE MAID ACROSS THE WAY.

I'VE had a strange foreboding come over me of late
That something strange will happen soon to mold
my future fate.
Perhaps it's only fancy, but still I think it may
Be traced to my first meeting with the maid across the
way.

A dainty step that scarce disturbs the spider's silvery
thread,
Two eyes as bright as dew-drops on the 'grasses' spear-
tipped head,
A voice that's sweet and tender, and a form so like a fay,
Have made me quite resign my heart to the maid across
the way.

In the early summer morning when she trips across the
grass,
The very flowers uplift their heads and wait to see her
pass.
Then why do people wonder if my thoughts should
always stray,
That I bow my head in worship to the maid across
the way?

With our worldly stations equal there is scarce a reason
why
I should not hope to quickly win the love for which I
sigh,
For I am only butler in this house so grand and gay;
And she—well, she's a lady's maid in the house across
the way.

C. F. E.

**

THE FUGITIVE.

MY muse, my muse, thou'rt gone astray
And left me here without a ditty,
And I must have the verse today,
For Maud is waiting—more's the pity.

I told her I would write a sonnet
Or rondolet, or anything,
And now you've flown away, 'dog gone it,
And I can try in vain to sing.

My muse, we must be up and doing,
Our fame, you know, is yet to be;
And I, to win, must press my wooing.
My muse, my muse, come back to me.

L. P. D.

**

THE VILLAGE STREET.

PEACEFUL little village way,
Time has passed you idly by,
The will of slowly-passing years
Bequeathes you neither joys nor tears;
The touch of age leaves no decay.
Would that you and I
Could live in peace and rest together
Through cold and warm and rainy weather.

A. L. M.

WITH YESTERDAYS.

ALAS! I'm weary of the long, lone years,
My heart cares naught for these new-fashioned
ways.
I would that I could lay me down to rest,
And dream again my dream of yesterdays.

Hope was strongest when the world was young,
And Life shone brightest in its morning glow;
The fairest flowers bloomed in days gone by;
The sweetest songs were those of long ago.

All hopes were shattered, and my dreams proved false
When she, the idol of my happy hours,
Bowed low her head, and pining pass'd away
To find her place among the withered flowers.

Now time hangs heavy on my old gray head,
And soon will take me from my weary way;
I'll bide with longing till the glad hour comes
To lay me down with loves of yesterday.

P. J. R.

**

TO—

THE convent bell's sweet melody
Comes tinkling 'cross the purpled lea.
The field-hand drops his spade and hoe,
And, lighted by the after-glow,
Across the soil that soon will be
Transformed to a greening sea,
He hastes; but, bare-browed, suddenly
He stops to pray, the while chimes low
The convent bell.

But I—I, sentimentally,
Ensnared behind a friendly tree
Whose boughs protecting shadows throw,
Gaze 'cross the rippling, swift St. Joe,
And watch and wait and hope to see
The convent belle.

F. W. O'M.

**

DAY DREAMS.

PHANTOMS of love and the future,
Pleasant haunts of the young,
Empty dreams of an idle day,
Castles of hope that crumble away,—
Songs that are never sung,

Comrades but for the present,
Friends of a passing hour,
The lone heart pines for love gone wrong,
Day is short and the night is long,
And hope is a withered flower.

Footprints dim by the wayside,—
Life was a fleeting breath,
Present and future are passed away;
Dreams and dreamer have had their day,
And all are wrapped in death.

P. J. R.

A Man, a Maid and her Mother.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY, '99.

PAGE awoke, rubbed his eyes and reached mechanically for the *Post*, which his man placed beside his bed punctually every morning. He propped his head with pillows in preparation for his customary morning glance over the paper; but on this particular day instead of reading he lay for some minutes in a semi-conscious state, filled with a vague feeling of discomfort, a feeling that something had gone wrong before he had gone to bed. Just what that "something" was he could not say.

Then he opened the paper, glanced at the "war news," the stock reports, the editorials and finally the "Society" notes. Under the heading "Reception Tendered the Chinese Minister," Page read an account of the first noted event in society that had happened since the end of Lent. His Excellency, Mr. Wu Ting-fang, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, had occupied the centre of the stage, or, more properly, the centre of the drawing-room in the home of Mrs. Travers of Connecticut Avenue, on the previous night, and all Washington—which meant a limited, select part of Washington—had grasped the hand of the Mongolian statesman, smiled and passed on. Page ran hurriedly over the list of guests. He knew them all, or almost all, personally—in fact, he could have repeated most of the names without even looking at the paper.

His name, however, was not among those mentioned. The vague feeling of discomfort had given way long before this to a pronounced, crushing load of misery. He lay for a long time, his wide-open eyes fastened on the ceiling while he ran over in his mind the incidents of the last few days.

Was that little "tiff" with Marie on Good Friday morning really so serious after all? he asked himself. He had bidden her a very cool "good morning," he remembered, and had walked majestically down the front steps—although he was filled with a longing to turn round to see if she were looking at him through the curtains. Then he had gone over to the Metropolitan Club, and had played billiards with that little Vilsack of the navy, and had become so interested, too, that in twenty minutes he had forgotten all about the quarrel.

He had thought of the trouble later in the day, but had banished the half-amusing, half-annoying recollection, and had resolved to call upon Miss Travers in the evening and "square himself," as he had mentally termed it.

Some friends had come from the North, however, and his visit to the house on Connecticut Avenue was consequently delayed a few days. He recalled now how he had sworn at himself when the servant told him that Miss Travers was slightly unwell, and could not see him, and how he had blamed himself and his boorishness for her illness.

Until his experience of the previous night he had not doubted the seriousness of Marie's illness in the least. The thought of the shock he had received the night before made him groan. Evidently a game of billiards could not make *her* forget the quarrel. He remembered how merrily he had gone up Connecticut Avenue, his face buried in the violets that he had bought as a peace-offering from a negro boy on F. Street, and how he had almost started to run up the steps in front of the Travers' house before he noticed that they were carpeted and that an awning ran from the street to the veranda.

He had checked himself suddenly, for he could see a great many persons in evening dress through the windows, and as he stood irresolutely some *attachés* of the Chinese legation, clad in their flowing silk robes, had passed him on the steps, bowed and entered the house. Then Thompkins, one of Mrs. Travers' colored servants, who knew Blake as "Miss Marie's sweet-a-a-t," had asked him why he was not coming in.

"I—I haven't been invited," he had said, and as he walked back excitedly to his apartments he had called himself a fool for betraying his emotion to Thompkins.

Well, everything was evidently over between them now, and the only thing left to remind him of his recent engagement was the bunch of withered violets on the table. He would go North again, for Washington without Marie would be unbearable. Perhaps if he saw her the misunderstanding would be cleared up.

"Oh, I'm a fool!" he said when the thought presented itself. "When a girl not only refuses to see the fellow she's engaged to on some cooked-up plea of sickness, but snubs him further by not inviting him to a reception at her house, it's time for him to learn that he isn't wanted."

After luncheon he spent an hour at the

Metropolitan Club in a vain endeavor to read the New York papers; but to hold an unlighted cigar in one hand and an unopened paper in the other for an hour is tiresome; so he strolled aimlessly down Seventeenth St. toward the Mall.

He stood irresolutely on the broad steps at the rear of the State, War and Navy building for some moments, and debated with himself whether it would not be just as well to re-enter the navy again, especially as the "war clouds" were hanging so low at present. Then perhaps he would be at rest at the bottom of some tropic sea in a few weeks; perhaps he would gain distinction and be honored at the grand review in Washington at the end of the war. Probably when he came back Marie would be married to that little Vilsack that spent so much of his time at the Travers' house lately. Well, he wished them happiness.

He stood on the driveway back of the White House for some minutes, and his head was bowed, while he absently crushed with his stick a colored egg-shell, a relic of the Easter-Monday Egg-Rolling.

"Are you thinking of the days when *you* rolled Easter eggs on the White House lawn, sober old man?"

Page raised his head quickly and looked toward the victoria from which the question came. Mrs. Travers and Marie were seated in it. He tried to answer Mrs. Travers' question, but she interrupted him with—

"What makes you so pale? You don't get fresh air enough, I'm afraid.—Come."

She made room for him by her side, and Page, after a momentary hesitation, accepted the invitation. The ride was not to his liking. It would have been accepted as a god-send a week before; but when a young lady in the opposite seat merely bows coldly and then directs her eyes steadily toward the top of the Monument, one feels like an intruder, consequently uncomfortable. For once in his life Page thanked a kind Providence for Mrs. Travers' wonderful flow of talk; for she was a woman that needed only a good *listener*, and so he was saved the trouble of saying anything. He felt that she knew nothing of his quarrel with Marie, which surprised him somewhat.

"Receptions are very tiresome to a hostess, don't you know," she was saying. "I declare I'll never give another."—Page doubted this.—"The worry and trouble of preparation are killing. Poor Marie was unwell for three days, too,"—Page raised his eyes,—"*but she would* insist on directing invitations until she couldn't

hold a pen. She wrote the address of every name on the list I gave her, and—"

"Except Mr. Page's," Marie said quietly.

Mrs. Travers and Page were startled, the former by the "Mr.," the latter by the girl's frankness.

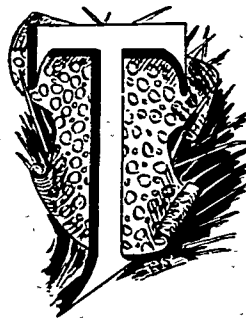
"I felt so miserable," Marie went on to her mother,—she totally ignored Page,—"*that* cousin Will Vilsack kindly offered to deliver Mr. Page's invitation verbally at the club. Mr. Page, however, because of some words last week, I suppose, a mere trifle, did not deign even to—"

"Damn Vilsack! Beg pardon, beg pardon." Page was excited. "Why Vilsack was ordered to London suddenly, to come back as ensign on the new *Amazonas*—went in a hurry—never got the invitation."

The setting sun threw a beautiful rose flush on the top of the Monument as the carriage turned toward home, but Marie did not see it.

On the Queen's Highway.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.



HE stage-coach rumbled out of Dublin, and its occupants were as silent as so much baggage. As is usual when persons are thrown together promiscuously, each one tried to ignore the presence of the others, and fixed a penetrating, baleful gaze upon some innocent inanimate object, fully convinced at the same time that the eyes of all the rest were directed toward him.

Suddenly the puffy old gentleman, who had been reading a newspaper under difficulties, broke the silence with an excited exclamation. A spinster, whose modest gaze had never wandered from the top of the coach, followed it with a short, sharp "My!" and all the other startled passengers looked inquiringly at the originator of the disturbance. The object of their attention coughed and cleared his throat to give dignity to his statement, and, referring occasionally to his paper, said:

"Michael Collier, the last of our villainous Irish raparees, after being sorely wounded, has been captured at Drogheda by some soldiers from the barracks."

"I don't believe it," piped out a belligerent little man in a new frieze coat. "Shure, there's

not enough British sogers in the sivin counties to capture Collier, the Robber."

The young lieutenant returning to Drogheda after a furlough regarded this in the light of a personal reflection, and squared his shoulders quite like a veteran.

"I should like very much to meet the Robber," he sneered. "He never dares to give any of us that pleasure."

"Did Colonel Rogers recover his repayther yet, that he tuk from him afore the barracks?" inquired the little man, and the youngster subsided.

"So you think the Robber is still at large?" queried the pursy old gentleman testily addressing the last speaker.

"Faith, I do; an' will be till he surrendhurs himsel. I wouldn't be surprised to mate wid him tonight any place betchune here an' Drogheda. There do be a nate place for the same encounther some miles north, where the boreen mates the road forninst the big rock."

It was just beginning to grow dusk, and the spires of Dublin were fading in the distance as these words were spoken. The confused noises of the city street had died away, and the only sound was a milkmaid's plaintive song floating up from the valley on the warm wind.

"As sure as me name's Jimmie Tiernan," said the little man, "that's just like the banshee that was heard afore me mother died. I hope it brings warnin' to none of us."

The travellers grew perceptibly uneasy under these mournful influences, and their discomfort increased with the twilight that began to hide the green hills from one another and left them lonely.

The vehicle rolled northward into a wilder and more desolate region, and the conversation of its occupants began to conform to the surroundings. They told thrilling tales that had been handed down of the Cromwellian wars. A few could recall local incidents of '98. Even some traditions of the old Danish occupation of the country were passed around, and finally they launched boldly on the topic that was uppermost in their minds, and spoke in a subdued voice of the raparees; how they robbed the rich and gave to the poor, and how fearless and quick-witted they were. What a romantic career was theirs! Never had facts been more tinged with fancy's hue than in their eventful lives. It was not so very long ago since O'Hanlon ranged Tyrone and Armagh, and won back by individual prowess some of what his ancestors had lost to superior numbers.

Then some one spoke of O'Hanlon's successor, Michael Collier, known throughout Monaghan, Meath and neighboring counties as Collier the Robber. Everyone knew of him, and the one who had expressed disbelief in his capture claimed to know him personally. "Sure," he asserted, "it's not a week since I met him to a patthern at Steve Brady's."

"Wh—where did you say that big rock was?" queried the old gentleman.

"We'll soon be there now. If we do happen to mate wid him, don't say I told ye."

The nerves of the company were already pretty well shaken when the road turned suddenly around a huge rock, which stood in a thicket at the end of a boreen or lane. The horses were just turning the side of this rock at a walk, when a man stepped from one of its recesses and commanded in a clear, tense tone: "Stand."

The driver stopped. The affrighted inmates peered out and could indistinctly descry the figures of five men. The faint starlight glinted from their weapons. No further information was necessary. Two men stood on each side of the vehicle, and one, who seemed to be their leader, advanced and opened the door of the coach. He was a medium-sized, smooth-shaven man of middle age. A suit of corduroy covered his erect, compact form. His tone and bearing was that of a perfect gentleman. Although his hat was doffed, the wavering coach lamp gave only a fitful view of his features.

"Be quiet, boys, and don't shoot unless they resist," he remarked to his men who stood like so many statues. Then he put his pistol in his pocket and politely said:

"Please dismount, gentlemen, and permit me to take charge of your valuables. Pray do not be disturbed, ladies, and you, Jimmie Tiernan, may also remain."

Those that had alighted were searched with celerity and thoroughness and returned to their seats minus their money and jewelry, and there they sat with wide-open eyes and white faces, not yet able to comprehend what had happened. A minute had scarcely passed when the bandit bowed, apologized for the intrusion, and informed them that they were at liberty to proceed. He put his booty in a capacious side-pocket, and, as the coach hurried away in the darkness, shook the clothes of his dummies loose from the wattles which supported them, rolled them in a neat bundle and disappeared up the boreen.

Shades of Honor.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.



HE pine logs, oily and resinous, crackled and roared in the open fireplace, and the flames, lapping the blackened tiling, cast weird and grotesque shadows on the fretted ceiling. Without, the wind sighed through the trees of the park, and the raindrops pattered unceasingly on the window-panes. A low-lying mist covered the sodden earth, and the lights of the village glimmered faintly in the distance. A shutter creaked on its hinges, and all was still again. Then, above the moaning of the wind there came the sound of plashing hoofs, and of wheels crunching the gravel of the driveway. The *Sieur de Brecy* turned in his chair, and faced the door. A moment, and a servant entered.

"My lord," he said, "he has arrived."

"Alone?"

"No, my lord. He has brought—"

"It does not matter. Send him to me."

The man departed, and the master arose and stood beside the chimney-piece. The ruddy glow of the fire lit up the delicate features of a face marked throughout with one leading characteristic. Pride shone in the eyes, and sat on the lips, and breathed through the nostrils,—the pride of noble blood. Time had done its work but lightly. The gray hair was in ill-keeping with the firm carriage that still spoke of strength and vigor.

The pine knots crackled sharply in the fireplace. The door swung open, and a man and a girl entered the room. The *Sieur de Brecy* turned from the fire and looked quickly at the new-comers; then sat down without uttering a word. For a moment the man seemed to hesitate. Then, leaving his companion, he stepped forward eagerly, stretched out his hand, and called—"Father." The word rang strangely in the silence of the room, and it was hard to tell whether the accent was one of entreaty or defiance. The features of the man bore the mark of the family pride, though with him not unmixed with gentleness. The face of the other remained fixed and impenetrable except that in the eyes a cold light began to glitter.

"Well, boy," he said, "have you come to your senses at last?"

The sound of his voice fell harsh and grating on the air, for all the richness of the tone.

The answer came in accents scarcely less bitter than his own:

"If by that you mean that I am prepared to admit that I have disgraced our name, you are as much mistaken now as ever. I think we have wasted enough words on the subject. Give over, and tell me why you have brought me here to-night."

The older man clutched nervously at the arm of his chair, but a stern, unrelenting spirit still flashed in his eyes.

"I sent for you to give you another chance to redeem your honor and mine, Louis," he said, and a softer tinge overspread his face. "Send the girl home to her people, and I will forgive everything."

At sound of the words, the other's face flushed with a proud light. He turned, and stood beside the girl, and put his arm about her fondly and protectingly. The hood of the riding-cloak had dropped from her head, and the brown and tangled ringlets of hair fell in dazzling profusion on her shoulders. The framework was no fairer than the face itself. The bright color of the cheeks was reflected in the liquid depths of eyes that shone with the pure, soft light of love. In the strangeness of the scene, dread appeared to have mastered her, but at the touch of her companion's hand, she smiled gently, and seemed content.

At last the son spoke, and the ring of bitterness was still present in his voice.

"Ay, send her home to her people! What have you left them that they can call a home? Was it not enough that she should suffer the penalty for having dared to disobey you, without letting the blind prejudice of your anger fall upon innocent heads? You may delight in revenging yourself upon them, but remember they are the parents of your son's wife."

The word fell re-echoing from his lips, and the old man recoiled as from a blow. He sprang to his feet crying:

"My God! It is not so. It can not be! Have you no thought for the honor of your house? A nameless thing of the herd that crawls at our feet, the wife of a Laval! Louis, you laugh at me."

His hands were stretched out imploringly, and the strong frame shook with the force of his emotion. It meant everything to the father. The son stood calmly by, and scorn and pity seemed struggling for the mastery.

"What would you have me do?" he said. "You talk of honor. Do you value mine? Would you have me deceive a defenceless child

that trusted to my word? I repeat it, I am proud to call her my wife, and, thank God, no power on earth can sever the bond that made us one. Do you regret it, Marie?" he asked tenderly of the girl that clung fearfully to his side.

She turned a tear-stained face to his, and smiled in answer.

For the first time, the *Sieur de Brecy* turned his eyes upon the girl, and the noble nature of the man seemed to awaken at sight of her grief and suffering. His glance dwelt longingly on his son, and the resentment seemed about to vanish as he noticed how well the two looked standing there together. But the unyielding spirit that had dominated his race for centuries was not to be overcome without a struggle. He thought of his long-cherished plans of a grand family alliance all thwarted in an instant by him for whose sake he had labored. The old anger welled up again, and took a new direction. He turned and addressed the other with all the scorn that he could master.

"Do you call it honor, boy, to lead so fair a one as she into the trap that you had sprung for yourself? When I cast you off forever, you will have to take her with you and to what? Do you think that frail body will long endure the hardships of beggary? I promise you that no *son* of mine will ever find its way into your hand. Since you will have it so, go! I will have none of you."

A hard look came into the son's face, and the answer seemed to stick in his throat.

"Father," he said, "it is so long since, I can not remember when Marie and I first played together. We have been companions ever since. Ours will be a hard lot; but as long as I can lift a hand she shall not suffer."

He turned and asked her tenderly:

"What say you, dear? Are you equal to it?"

The tears coursed down her cheeks, but she answered bravely:

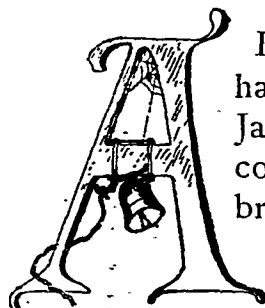
"With you, Louis."

The *Sieur de Brecy* stood watching them uneasily, and all the color had fled from his face. Arm in arm, they moved across the room, and the old lord sank feebly in his chair. Love and pride battled fiercely in his breast, and love conquered.

Louis de Laval and his wife had reached the door, and stood on the threshold of the hall. With a cry of mingled dread and anguish, the old man arose, and stretched out his hands beseechingly. A moment, and father and son were locked in each other's arms.

Told by the Corporal.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.



FEW days after the first gun had been fired on Fort Sumter Jack Framleigh enlisted in our company. Jack was one of the bravest and gayest boys of the whole regiment, and among his messmates he was an especial favorite. No matter what the trouble was, he dispersed their ill humor. Into Jack's ears the dying requests of many a man were whispered while the gray pallor of death crept across the sun-browned face.

I remember how the surgeon found Jack at Spottsylvania. The next man in line to Jack was Dan O'Hara, one of the surliest and most uncompanionable men in the regiment; somehow he seemed to worship Jack who always had a kind word for him. And Jack had heard from him of Nora and the baby back "on the ould sod," and the trouble that drove him from his wife a fugitive from the unjust laws of his land. When the battle was over Dan was brought in mortally wounded, and in the delirium preceding death he called three names, "Nora darlin', little Lizzie and Jack, me only frind." Finally he came to, and then asked for Framleigh. After a great deal of trouble Jack was found and sent to O'Hara, and he watched nearly the whole night with the priest. Finally Jack was alone when the chaplain left, and there he stayed till the gray light of morning crept slowly under the tent flap. Early the next day the surgeon found him there with his hand clasped in O'Hara's, cold and purple from the pressure.

One day Jack found the fellows teasing young Raymond while the boy, homesick and friendless, was almost in tears. Jack protested, and the fellows, who liked Jack, good-naturedly made their rough apologies. Soon after Jack was wounded in the arm, and Raymond, whose health was poor, broke down. The two got furloughs and went North together. Of course boy worship is exaggerated, and when Raymond reached home he depicted Jack in glowing colors.

The two lived about twenty miles apart, and on his companion's earnest invitation, Jack went down to see his friend's folk, and while there Jack met his fate. He had met Mr. Raymond and his friend's mother at the sta-

tion, and he had scarcely entered the house when Raymond came forth with a laughing, brown-haired girl that looked into his face with great blue eyes which made his heart thrill. He heard a distant voice say, "Jack, my sister."

He stayed there a few days—but they were enough. Jack, Louise and her brother had gone out for lilies on the lake one afternoon. Suddenly Raymond remembered an errand he had to do on the other side of the lake. Jack rowed over, and after Raymond had left he let the boat drift lazily along the banks where the willows drifted in the water. The lake was still except for the tinkle of water dropping from the oar-blades. For awhile they talked of trivial things, and then Jack dropped the oars, took her hand that was lying on the edge of the boat, and then—he told her of his love.

I can not give his words. I presume they were not original. At any rate, when they left the boat his face was bright, and when they went up the path to the house his arm was around her waist, and there it was, when he asked her father to give up his greatest treasure. Little need for asking, the old man was overjoyed, and in the joy of the moment Raymond forgave Jack his long walk around the lake. The days passed too quickly, and shortly afterward Jack left for the front,—her picture in his pocket.

Soon after he returned Raymond came, and once more the two were together. Jack's face was always bright and Raymond had lost his melancholy. The days of winter were long and dreary with occasional spots of brightness when he heard from Louise. Every little while Jack could be seen leaning over Raymond's shoulder reading some little postscript from Louise.

One afternoon in January we had to storm a chain of fortifications that obstructed the progress of the army. The men that were holding them had fought savagely all day, and at five o'clock we had no advantage. Finally the bugler sounded the charge, and with a wild yell the troops rushed forward. At length there came a pause that always precedes victory or defeat. That is the time when trifles count.

Ours was the color company and Jack was next the color sergeant. While the roar was at the utmost the sergeant threw up his hands and began to waver. If the flag fell the men would probably lose heart and retreat; but just as the flag tottered in its fall, Jack sprang for-

ward, snatched it, and rushed on. The troops followed in a charge that was irresistible. Jack was among the first to reach the bench, and just as he planted the flag he fell to the ground, shot in the side. Willing hands picked him up and carried him to the surgeon. There was a hole in his side which should have killed him, but somehow he hung on between life and death for a week. Finally love for Louise revived him, and with the assistance of a few letters he began to improve. He was too weak to leave for home, and so he used to sit on the piazza where the lilies bloomed and watch the swallows circle in the air. In a short time he began to move around, happy in the thought that he would soon be home.

For awhile the letters from Louise had come regularly, but now they were not so frequent, and Jack began to look wistfully at the mail whenever it came. They did not seem quite so affectionate, and she frequently—too frequently to suit Jack—mentioned an old schoolmate, a Mr. Hodson. Finally weeks would pass without a letter, and Jack would look at her picture to reassure himself all was well.

The days of Lent were rapidly passing, and the surgeon, who had been certain of Jack's entire recovery, began to look doubtful. But all his doubt was removed when Raymond, who had been taken prisoner and was just exchanged, came to see him on his way North and home. Of course he had heard nothing from home, so he asked all that Jack knew, and when he had heard his chum's doubts and fears he laughed and said he could promise that Louise was as true as gold. When he had gone Jack was smiling cheerfully, and for a couple of weeks improved wonderfully.

Easter Sunday had come, and on that day Jack was discharged from the hospital a well man. Just before he left the room where he had spent his long illness he took out Louise's picture which had brightened the weary days. The nurse who was looking for him handed him a letter. He feverishly tore it open, read and then fell without a sound. When they picked him up in one hand he had a picture and in the other a note which read:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just found out that I have made a mistake. I know now that I love Mr. Hodson. I am sure you will forgive me for breaking our engagement.

Sincerely yours,

Louise M. Raymond.

And she was the only woman I ever heard our men curse.

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} Reporters.

WE of the board of editors present this number of the SCHOLASTIC as our own, save for a scrap of verse here and there and the "Locals," which we left in the hands of our confreres, the reporters. Whether it is good or bad, we are too modest to say. It might have been better, perhaps, and it might have been worse. We have no muse of the short story or the essay to invoke; we are too far removed from the days of Grecian mythology: yet we have a lurking devotion for the whole nine, and tender them an occasional supplication. You are the one to decide whether or not they have listened. Our faces—pictures of which are appended to these pages—are not indications of our ability; and we are not vain enough to hope that they will picture faithfully our devotion to art. After all, we are only poor, struggling scribes. We beg you to handle these pages tenderly and give us our due for the little we have done.

THOUGH the days still have a tinge of cold in them, it is safe to say that the weather of spring has come to us. Such is the signal that the year has come to the last quarter and is flying down the home stretch. Here we must put forth our best efforts if we would win. The final spurt is the last hope for the backward, and for the leaders is the most troublesome part of the course. At this time of the year,

too, we are liable to be taken down by the fever that makes us loiter in the shade, if we are not heedful. There is a tendency to drop down on the green grass and watch the big white clouds float over the blue spring sky, recking little of future hours. Here many students meet unkind fate; so beware, you that wish to win the goal in good time. Give your best moments to your work during these large, dreamy days that sigh for idleness. You are nearing the end of another race; whether or not it be a final heat, spur on as best you can and leave the drones to a lower class.

THE Lenten season has come to an end, and the most of us are rejoicing in the glad sun of Easter; but in the midst of this merry-making it is wise for us not to forget the morals of the little homilies that were given to us during the last few weeks. We were fortunate in hearing them. We are all too weak for the many conflicts of this life, and it is well that such lessons are given to us to make us strong and ready for the days to come. Now, perhaps, we may think them of little value; but in after days we shall appreciate the benefit they gave us, and we shall regret that we have not remembered them more clearly. If you would be a man among men, give heed to those counsels.

THE candidates for the track team have widened the scope of their labors. Now and then they take the fancy to caper over the hills and hollows of northern Indiana in the vicinity of Notre Dame. The length of these cross-country runs comes very near to twelve miles. Some old Greek or Roman—I think it was the Stoic Epictetus—said, that if we wish to do a thing well we should do it so often that it would become a habit. If we would walk well, we should walk often. This motto has been taken up by these track men; and they run far and often that their bodies may become fortified against the attacks of fatigue and their muscles may become strong and lithe and wiry. It has become a common thing to see the knickerbockered runners straggling through the country lanes. All this promises well for the coming contests. Illinois will be a formidable opponent, and in the intercollegiate contests of Indiana there will be brawny athletes. Yet our hopes for Notre Dame's success are very bright, and will be, so long as the practice on the field is kept up every day.

THE baseball season is very near its opening.

The men that are to represent the University in the tilts of athletic prowess are working faithfully under the leadership of their captain, improving their good points and blotting out the bad ones. Indications are that the Varsity of '98 will be as good as the Varsity has ever been. Manager O'Shaughnessy has arranged a schedule by dint of hard laboring, at which the votaries of baseball may rejoice:

April	15.....	South Bend at Notre Dame.
"	18.....	Michigan at Notre Dame.
"	29.....	Northwestern at Notre Dame.
May	5....	C. A. C. of South Bend at Notre Dame.
"	14.....	DePauw at Notre Dame.
"	20.....	Wisconsin at Notre Dame.
"	25.....	Indiana at Notre Dame.
"	31.....	Chicago at Chicago.
June	6.....	Illinois at Notre Dame.
"	8.....	Detroit A. C. at Detroit.
"	9.....	Michigan at Ann Arbor.

IF the fates have been kind to you by casting laurels on your humble labors, is it right to expect that everything you will do in the future will meet with the same success? If it may be that your verses have brought forth kind words from greater critics than old SCHOLASTIC, is it right that you treat the lauder of your first efforts as a memory of younger years that should be smiled at like a toy? Remember, my dear scribes, great things have been written in the SCHOLASTIC, far greater than you have ever done, and to smile at some of the SCHOLASTIC'S verse is to take to yourself very much credit. Besides, you know only the good things that are said of you, and the ill things that a just world might think are very, very hard to believe. Many readers have smiled at your own work. Come then, you wielders of the pen, do your duty for the SCHOLASTIC. Do not think that you are too great a man to be wasting valuable work on our few pages. If so, you could be easily set adrift.

A word also to those that have too small an opinion of their abilities. The SCHOLASTIC is willing to receive all contributions with a kindly spirit, if you give them in with a good grace. Your little verses may seem crude and unfinished to yourself, but some one might see the innate cleverness. To try will, at least, not cause you any injury, and your good graces are more sought for than the writings of those spoken of in the foregoing paragraph. Let all the students in the University bear in mind that the columns of the SCHOLASTIC are always open for their contributions.

Track Athletics.

BY THE FIELD REPORTER.

WHEN the time comes for the track team to begin systematic training the men should be in good condition. For over a week their tireless captain has led them through the surrounding territory in heart-breaking cross-country runs. The little band, in heavy sweaters and flimsy trousers of gold and blue, has crossed brooks, raced through plowed ground, and hurdled rail fences in a manner that makes Powers confident of their ability when the panoramic features of the runs are eliminated. Every man has improved so far, and great things are expected of the team when it is selected. Yet in some of the events the spur of competition will be absent unless some of the stragglers come into the fold. There is plenty of room for more candidates. In the hurdles and the jumps especially is this true. Men of known ability in these events have dropped out of the practice. Surely, this is not right. Barring the personal glory coming to the successful man, the question of the exercise for exercise's sake, should be considered; and above all, it is the duty that every student of Notre Dame owes to Notre Dame.

Captain Fred Powers has set an example to his men that will be well to follow. He works hard and continuously for the success of the team. Manager Niezer is doing his best to secure good contests—all that is necessary is the team. Out of the men already in training, it is certain that a fair team will be made; but to put Notre Dame ahead in track athletics and keep her there, it is absolutely necessary that every man in college, in whom there is any promise, should get out and work with the team and for the team. Powell, Duane, Wheeler and White are fast men and will strengthen the delegation. Captain Powers is in charge of the men, and every candidate will receive a fair chance.

Manager Niezer will take his squad to Indianapolis May 21, where they will compete in the state meet. The championship of Indiana must come to Notre Dame. The only way to bring the pennant to us is for every man in whom there is a spark of cinder-path ambition to emulate the captain's example, and work long, unselfishly, and loyally for the success of the Gold and Blue.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

Exchanges.

A WRITER in *The Illini*, who is an artist,—we have his word for it,—in an article entitled “In the London Art Schools” makes some remarks that are not a little Anglo-maniacal. “American illustration,” he says, “the only branch of art in which we excel, is English in character and style.” It is indeed—about as much so as the Star Spangled Banner is. Anyone that can call Mr. Remington’s wind-blown, wiry bronchoes, with their superb riders, “English in character and style” is a trifle unobservant. Not only in his pictures of Western life, but also when depicting the soldiery of foreign nations, even that of England itself, his work shows a dash and an originality that is thoroughly American. Indeed Mr. Remington would not go to Europe for several years because he was afraid of weakening his style. Our foremost illustrators, men like Remington, Gibson, Smedley, Pyle, Metcalf, Blum and several others, and the younger men,—Fogarty, Carleton and two or three more that are rapidly forging to the front,—lead the world today in their art, and it is because of their American originality that they do lead. Nor is illustration “the only branch of art in which we excel;” for the leading painters at the present time—Whistler and Sargent—are Americans, and if their work shows any foreign influence at all it is that of the French school. In addition America is proud to claim Abbey, Shannon, Broughton, Sheldon and Parton in London, Ridgeway Knight, McEwen and Alexander Harrison in Paris, and Davis, Chase and LaFarge at home. Many of these men are compelled to live abroad, thanks to America’s lack of appreciation; but for the most part they keep their work free from foreign influence, and when it does creep in it is French and not English. *The Illini* also says that the “French landscapists never saw nature till their eyes were opened by English artists.” The only foreign study that Corot ever did consisted of a few years’ work in Rome, and as for Millet, Breton and the rest of the Barbizon school they contented themselves with working in the forests and meadows of France, free from outside influences. *The Illini* “artist” should investigate before he writes, and endeavor to be a trifle more patriotic. Heaven knows America has been behind in the arts too long to be deprived of the little glory she has, especially by her own sons.

The St. Xavier’s Monthly has been missing from our table since January last, and we have been deprived of much pleasure in consequence. As the *Monthly* has always been punctual in the past we are inclined to believe that its discontinuance was caused by our remarks concerning the “Gleanings.” We hope, however, that this is not the case, and that the non-arrival is due simply to an oversight. The remarks were made in the very best spirit, and if they are to deprive us of the *Monthly* we take them all back, unconditionally; for rather than lose her, the *Monthly* may print all of Dr. O’Malley’s “Bits,” and there will not be the least objection made, so far as the SCHOLASTIC is concerned.

* * *

The Aloysian is too modest. We assure the editors that everything we said about the first number was meant, or we should not have said it. The ex.-man,—beg pardon, woman,—wants to know why a certain exchange editor “should ‘roll his eyes in holy horror’ at a Girl’s Military Drill.” Well, he did the “holy horror” act when he read an account of bicycling at St. Xavier’s, which, we hope, did not affect the young ladies at Beatty. Just why he did it we do not know; but it takes all kinds of persons to make a world, you know. The Easter number of *The Aloysian* is a very creditable production, and both contents and appearance show that the editors intend to maintain the high standard of the initial number.

* * *

Many of our exchanges that come from the largest of the Eastern Universities have taken on new editorial boards during the last few weeks. *The Yale Record*, *The Harvard Lampoon*, *The Yale Courant* and *The Princeton Tiger*, have gone into new hands recently, new but not inexperienced. Every in-coming board keeps up the old order of things, the general standard of excellence as well as other traditions. There is a change in the “Bachelor’s Kingdom” department of the *Courant*, a change too for the better.

* * *

Mr. Luckey’s paper on “Robert E. Lee” in the March *Abbey Student* contains some original thoughts and many trite ones. We should like to hear more of Lee, the soldier and man, and less of the movements of Grant and his army. The writer pays a glowing tribute to the worth

of Lee, a tribute that, the more we study the great Confederate general, we feel is deserved. General Lee was undoubtedly one of America's greatest, if not her greatest, military geniuses, and the fact that he fought on the wrong side should not detract from his glory. "Hebrew Poetry" is an interesting composition, despite the general "jerkiness" of the style. F. F. S. carries off the palm in the number before us with an article on "Our Ordinary Newspapers." There is a gruff boldness about his style that is delightful. The writer, however, has studied the question so thoroughly that he has partially succumbed to the effect of newspaper English. At all events, this is the only way in which we can explain many of his rather "slangy" expressions. We derived much profit from the *Student's* editorials, although we must take exception to some of the remarks about the novel. To serve up a pet theory of reform in the guise of fiction is not the work of the novelist by any means. It is this very practice of giving us sugar-coated theories instead of wholesome fiction that has lowered the standard of the present-day novel. Fiction has the power to deprave, but the sugar-coated sermon has not the power to change a man's whole life for the better. Mr. Bellamy and the rest of his school may not agree with us; nevertheless we believe the reformer's and the novelist's vocations are not compatible, and furthermore that the "didactic novel" is not a novel at all.

The "devil" says the *Niagara Index* has been talking again. The "devil" reads the *Index*: "he is only twelve years old. 'The guy trun you down hard,' the 'devil' said. "'E says you're punk." We were busy at the time, so the "devil" was removed. Whether the boy was quoting the *Index* man literally or not we do not know; but from his choice of words we think he was. We have not had time to read the *Index* lately, and this, together with a lack of space, has prevented us from commenting on the "Our Table" spasm before; but as we have a few more columns than usual at our disposal in this issue, we shall use some of the extra paper to tell the *Index* man that we really can not notice him again this year. Probably the extra space in the next Christmas SCHOLASTIC will enable us to do something for him; but in the meantime we must turn our attention to more serious matters. We shall try, for instance, to reform the "devil."

F. W. O'M.

Our Friends.

—Very Reverend Provincial Zahm left last week for a short visit to Texas.

—Mr. Thomas Mott and Mr. Jack Mott, who were graduated from the Notre Dame Law School in the Classes of '94 and '95, respectively, are practising law in Los Angeles, California.

—Mr. Hugh H. Darnell, a prominent artist of Philadelphia, visited Notre Dame lately. Mr. Darnell was here in the interest of the well-known firm of E. A. Wright. He made many friends during his stay.

—Mrs. A. C. Atherton of Des Moines, Iowa, visited her son, Mr. Chester Atherton of Sorin Hall, for a few days last week. Mrs. Atherton was on her way home from Washington, where she was the guest of the family of Senator Mason.

—Bro. Urban received a letter recently from Mr. Sebastian Wise (student '66-'67), who holds a responsible position with the E. O. Standard Milling Co. of St. Louis. Mr. Wise's Notre Dame friends will be pleased to hear of his success in the business world.

—Doctor O'Malley read a paper at the session of the American Classical Conference at Ann Arbor on March the 31st. About fifty members of the association—professors from American universities and colleges—were present at the session, which was presided over by President Adams of the University of Wisconsin. The title of Doctor O'Malley's paper was "The Modern Latin Poet, Sarbievius."

—One of Notre Dame's old students, Hon. James R. Campbell, of McLeansboro, Ill., resigned his seat in the House of Representatives last week in order to return home to organize a regiment. Mr. Campbell's patriotic action called forth a great deal of favorable comment throughout the country. The congressman is not a "jingo" by any means, but he left Washington firmly convinced that hostilities with Spain were not far off. Notre Dame is glad to see one of her sons stand so well by the country at so important a time.

—Mr. C. B. Flynn (student '90-'91), who now lives in Monterrey, Mex., visited Notre Dame while on his way to England recently. When he returned a few weeks ago his friends were pleased to learn of his success in a business transaction across the Atlantic. Mr. Flynn sold one of his Mexican mines to a firm of English capitalists for \$375,000, \$125,000 of which were paid in cash and the balance will be received in one year. Mr. Flynn was also appointed general superintendent of the mine and was given a working capital of \$200,000. He is an uncle of Mr. John Flynn of Sorin Hall.

Obituary.

IT is with the sincerest sorrow that we chronicle the tragic death of Philip Van Dyke Brownson, of the Class of '88. Full particulars we have not heard, but it appears that he was on board of the ill-fated steamer *Alma*, which left San Francisco on the 20th of March, and which, not long after leaving port, went down with all on board. Philip was the son of Major Henry F. Brownson, the distinguished author and lecturer, and was a well-known figure in the college world during his student days. His brilliant talents won for him a leading position in almost all the intellectual exercises of his time, and his fine oratorical powers rendered him an enviable favorite with the audiences of Washington Hall. His valedictory has been much admired, even in its written form, as a model of classic taste and masterful elegance of expression. Withal, he had a boyish fondness for athletic sports of every kind, and distinguished himself as an oarsman, having been captain of one of the two famous crews of the spring of '88. All who knew Phil at college had predicted for him a most brilliant career. We can but bow to the inscrutable designs of the providence of God, and offer to his bereaved parents our deepest sympathy and the assurance of our most earnest prayers for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

Local Items

—The *chef* at Hotel D'Haney reports an enormous demand for pastry since the war clouds overcast the heavens.

—The Tennis Club will reorganize, and it is expected that some games can be arranged with teams of other colleges.

—Dwyer has been appointed Inspector of the special police force; his sergeants are Powers and O'Shaughnessy. He announces his determination to deal roughly with all vagrants.

—While the annexation craze is going on it might be well to observe that the rapid growth of South Bend bids fair to bring about the annexation of Notre Dame to this country, we are not more than half a mile out now.

—The quoits have been rescued from obscurity, and some of the fellows are having much joy in the game. Wheeler has taken up the sport with great zest, but he complains of the energy required, and will probably have to retire.

—The *Indo-European Correspondence*, a journal

of great repute published in Calcutta, India, begins a lengthy notice of the lamented Father Corby's death in these words: "By the death of Father Corby, the Congregation of the Holy Cross loses one of its most remarkable members. Born in Detroit, Mich., on October 2, 1833, he served his Order in several important functions, notably for two terms as Rector of the celebrated University of Notre Dame, Indiana, where the world-famous review, the *Ave Maria*, is published, and which flourished amazingly under his direction."

—The cross-country runs have begun. The boys started moderately with two or three miles each day, to prepare for the long run, which was made Thursday. Dwyer's pedometer clipped off one, two, three miles before a halt was made at the little red school-house, No. 126. An inspection by trainer McDonald showed that the energy of the athletes was not impaired, although Frank O'Shaughnessy insisted that his heart wasn't right in its action. A pebble was placed under his tongue, and the command was given. "To the Red Mill," was the cry, and an obstruction, a ten rail-fence, was cleared at a leap. Herbert got up in the air high enough, but he forgot to bring his feet along. Fortunately he fell in a rose-bush and averted an accident. But that was not the worst. Some sinful man had built a slaughter house far out in the woodland and the pure country air was pregnated with a most disedifying odor. The runners rushed headlong into this, and their olfactory nerves were so benumbed that they passed two dairy farms without scenting the perfume of sweet milk. The summit of a hill was reached, and at its base lay the long bridge of the Red Mill. A shout of joy burst from the crowd, and one half the run was thought to be finished—the pedometer told $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The rest was short, and then the crowd plunged into the timber on the opposite shore of the river. Hedges and barbed wire fences had no terrors; but when the ground beneath their feet yielded until they were ankle deep in the mud, un-Christian like they said "doggon it." And the river, it was discovered, had gone out of its course about four miles. Posselius panted and sighed for home. Joe Sullivan summoned his strength and got a new lease on wind. McDonald thought the end had come, but it was four miles off, and Rowan who loves to run long distances climbed into a butcher's cart and swooned. Dwyer who tells about the runners in "his town" had to hold to the tail of Powers' sweater for support. Mart O'Shaughnessy fell into a plowman's stride, and said "I have done this before," but big streaks of fatigue were visible on his features. Barry, the Iowa man, never tired. Fennessey died in the finish. The run will go down in history as the record of human endurance, the distance being 13 miles; time, 1 hour 30 minutes.

--BITS OF BUSTED PRETZEL.—A poor man doesn't want your sympathy—he wants money.

The best dog doesn't always make the best sausage.

Do not cross the bridge until you come to it; but when you come to it, don't wait for a cable-car—hoof it.

Holmes says: "Alas for those who never sing, but die with all their music in them!" Would that some Sorin Hallers would die in this way.

The sun and the moon play teeter-totter. When one comes up the other goes down.

Judge not a man by the coat he wears—nor a woman by her bloomers.

A rolling stone is worth two in the bush.

Some one says: "There is nothing in the world worth getting angry for." Ah, me! Did you ever try to put up a stove-pipe, or chase your lid on a windy day?

—And now comes one Thomas D. Burns, one Thomas J. Dooley, one William E. Berry, and complain that on the night of the twenty-sixth of March, they, the complainants, did stop while on the way to the dormitory, and did consume one great jar of strawberry jam and one box of salted soda crackers; and when the aforesaid jam and crackers had been entirely consumed they, the complainants, did betake themselves to the dormitory, where it was expected that they should lie upon their beds until morning. But the complainants aver that the said dormitory was closed and the door lock bolted and barred, so that it was not within their power to enter, and as the said complainants had no other beds they could call their own, they did suffer great mental pain and bodily anguish. Whereupon they ask that they may be permitted to eat jam and crackers at any time and any place.

—The sun was slowly backing down in the far west, as if lingering to catch a last glimpse of Hinky Dink tripping nimbly across the lawn to Botany. Alix the Two was already waiting near the gate, and Mr. O'Brien had just finished shoveling on the last bit of steam for the night. Slowly he walked across the lawn toward Sorin Hall. His beautifully curved thumbs were nestling gently in the arm-holes of his waistcoat and his head inclined as if he were in deep meditation. . . . As he walked the scene changed. Sol had made a misstep and fallen suddenly below the horizon. Hinky, by chance, arrived in the class-room on time, and Alix the Two was already trotting deliciously down the road.

"Ah me!" thought he, shaking his head meditatively, "life has no variety—no variety. All's the same. Rep'tion! Rep'tion! Rep'tion! But live I must, for the world has not yet tasted of my knowledge; and the flavor is sweet—yea, the flavor is sweet!"

—You have all heard of Mr. O'Brien's new ship—well, the ship was launched in splendor

last Tuesday afternoon. At precisely 4 o'clock Mr. O'Brien emerged from the boiler room, ship in hand (or better, in tow), and walked with goodly stride toward the lake. Landers, Brown and Franey were running along by his side, and later Guilfoyle and Skimmy joined the party. When the lake was reached Landers took from his pocket a bottle of water and proceeded to christen the ship. Mr. O'Brien grew furious. He said he didn't want to get the boat wet, and now Landers won't get any more steam. At last Mr. O'Brien consented to put the boat into the water and she sailed out as gracefully as Thames' old gray duck. Then Landers and the rest of the push with smiling faces returned to the college. Landers wrote the following beautiful lines in compliment to the ship:

How gracefully she glided on the bosom of the lake,
How in the fading sun-light her little sails did shake.
God speed the noble vessel! may her sails be ever flyin'!
So come, you gent's, we'll whoop her up for the steamer
"Mike O'Brien."

CUBA, March 26, '98.

MR. EDITOR:

A! my dear sir, you will doubtless be surprised to learn that I have evacuated. Yes, indeed, I am here and right in a hot-bed of Spaniards too. Saw one fellow today with whiskers just like McDonney's. The Klondike was too slow for me—same old routine every day—digging out gold. I wanted variety, so slid over on the first section of a south-bound rainbow.

Have you heard of the disaster down here? The U. S. Steamer *Maine* was blown up, and war between the United States and Spain is threatened. Every congressman in the United States, it seems, is trying through impassioned speeches to gain personal distinction. He already sees a public monument erected to his memory for his heroic acts as "leader of the war party," and this spurs him on. Little conservatism is displayed.

By the way, last night, as I was walking peaceably down the street, I was accosted by a crowd of rude men:

"Here's the man," shouted one, grabbing me by the collar-button.

"String him up," cried another.

"What man? string who up?" I demanded.

"You, of course," they roared: "You blew up the *Maine*."

I told them that I had just come from the Klondike, and in support of my statement showed a number of nuggets I had with me. They said they would take the nuggets to a jeweler and have them tested in order to see if I was telling the truth. They haven't returned yet—wonder what's the matter! I'm tired of waiting for them. A starving Cuban swallowed my satchel the other day, and I had just paid 25 cents for that box of chloride of lime that was in it, too. I may leave here today or sooner. Good-by.

BLAHAH.

Students Enrolled for the Easter Term.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. C. Atherton, J. Arce, E. Brown, S. Brucker, J. Byrne, E. Campbell, A. Carney, J. Corby, P. Corcoran, F. Cornell, F. Confer, E. Delaney, J. Dowd, F. Dreher, J. Duane, P. Duffy, J. Eggeman, J. Eyanson, E. Falvey, A. Fehr, J. Fennessey, W. Fitzpatrick, J. Flynn, P. Follen, C. Foley, R. Fox, R. Franey, N. Gibson, E. Gilbert, W. Geoghegan, W. Grady, J. Haley, P. Hartung, G. Hanhauser, E. Hay, F. Hering, F. Hesse, J. Johnson, W. Kegler, P. Kearney, J. Kraus, J. Landers, T. Medley, D. Meyers, J. Meyers, W. Miller, E. Mingey, W. Monahan, W. Morris, Y. Mott, J. Mullen, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, W. Murphy, E. McConn, M. McCormick, W. McDonough, J. McGinnis, E. McKenzie, M. Ney, C. Niezer, J. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, St. John O'Sullivan, E. Puskamp, R. Palmer, M. Powers, C. Piquette, L. Reed, J. Rowan, P. Ragan, H. Rahe, W. Sheehan, S. Spaulding, F. Schillo, T. Steiner, G. Stuhlfauth, E. Walsh, F. Ward, L. Weadock, V. Welker, F. Wurzer.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. W. Adams, P. Armijo, H. Barry, G. Bohner, F. Bouza, J. Bouza, C. Baab, G. Burg, W. Berry, J. Berry, F. Bouwens, T. Burns, J. Baloun, R. Barry, A. Bommersbach, E. Boyle, R. Beechinor, E. Callahan, C. Corby, J. Crowley, J. Cavanaugh, M. Condon, A. Crunican, J. Conway, G. Cypher, H. Crumley, D. Collins, J. Campbell, R. Dominguez, W. Dalton, M. Donahoe, S. Drejer, T. Dooley, J. Donovan, V. Dwyer, M. Devine, T. Dillon, A. Duperier, E. Darst, F. Dellone, M. Daly, J. Dillon, W. Desmond, T. Dwyer, P. Doherty, P. Diskin, C. Ensign, L. Fitzwilliam, L. Fetherston, J. Farragher, J. Farley, H. Foster, C. Fleming, R. Funk, C. Flannigan, M. Flannigan, W. Furry, J. Fogarty, C. Friend, E. Guerra, H. Glynn, W. Glasheen, T. Graham, W. Guilfoyle, E. Gainer, R. Garza, C. Garza, C. Gordon, H. Hoover, M. Herbert, T. Harrington, E. Hubbard, W. Healy, J. Heinemann, J. Hagerty, W. Holahan, Samuel Hunter, Shapley Hunter, C. Hunter, A. Hayes, J. Howell, T. Hoban, W. Hermann, J. Hesse, J. Hennebry, C. Hering, J. Hayes, A. Jennings, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, P. Jerrell, G. Kellner, J. Kehoe, A. Klein, G. Kuppler, J. Koehler, A. Kasper, J. Kangley, H. Kessler, G. Kiley, C. Keith, F. Kaul, T. Kennedy, L. Kramer, T. Kilgallen, G. Lins, J. Lampert, A. Merz, B. Metcalf, C. Mulcrone, J. Murray, D. Morrison, M. Morales, J. Mulligan, T. Murphy, J. McKenzie, F. McCallan, F. McNichols, A. McDonald, F. McCollum, A. Newell, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, H. Otero, F. Odena, J. O'Reilly, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, J. O'Connor, S. Pickett, John Posselius, F. Pim, R. Powell, John Powers, C. Reuss, R. Reed, J. Reising, H. Revels, J. San Roman, S. Sullivan, C. Scheubert, L. Sauer, J. Shiels, H. Sherman, J. Sanford, V. St. Louis, N. Schwartz, H. Scott, F. Summers, C. Schermerhorn, A. Simpson, R. Spalding, H. Sossoman, F. Smogor, J. Sullivan, T. Sanders, C. Tomlinson, O. Tong, F. Thacker, J. Tuohy, J. Taylor, J. Thams, A. Van Hee, C. Vogt, P. Wynne, L. Wieczorek, T. Waterson, Robert Wilson, J. Woolverton, F. Waters, L. Wheeler, J. Ward, Ralph Wilson, G. Wilson, W. Ward, E. Wagenman, C. Wells, B. White, E. Yockey.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. M. Armijo, H. Bloch, H. Britt, A. Brann, G. Barrett, L. Beardslee, G. Beardslee, W. Bellinger, M. Bligh, W. Brice, H. E. Brown, A. Becker, E. Berger, G. Buck, T. Burch, O. Carney, J. Caruthers, A. Clement, J.

Clyne, M. Crowley, T. Condon, P. Curtis, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, G. Cowie, A. Davidson, W. Dinnen, G. Dousett, A. Edgerton, R. Ellwanger, C. Elitch, E. Ernst, H. Fink, J. Furlong, W. Ferstl, L. Frank, A. Friedman, F. Flinn, A. Flynn, H. Fleming, C. Girsch, A. Gibbons, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, P. Graham, E. Green, J. Hanner, C. Hinze, W. Hickey, W. Higgins, N. Hogan, G. Holmes, M. Hoban, A. Hunter, L. Hubbell, L. Jaworski, J. Joyce, J. Jurelich, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, A. Krug, C. Kirkland, G. Kasper, L. Kelly, L. Luken, W. Land, G. Leach, C. Leffingwell, Thomas Mulcare, Joseph Mulcare, Nicholas Michels, George Moxley, James Morgan, Harry Moon, John Morris, F. Mooney, A. Mueller, W. Mueller, W. Maher, R. Murray, J. Morrissey, L. Meagher, T. Murray, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, H. McConnell, C. McDermott, A. McDonnell, J. McLernon, O. McMahon, J. McNaughton, W. McNichols, J. McSorley, C. McSheehy, R. McIntyre, E. Nast, T. Naughton, T. Nolan, T. Noonan, G. Ordetx, A. O'Malley, F. O'Brien, F. Petritz, D. Padden, A. Phillips, C. Pulford, J. Putnam, J. Quinlan, J. Ryan, A. Richon, R. Seaman, E. Staples, W. Sibley, J. Smith, R. Stengel, J. Slevin, E. Sheekey, A. Schmitt, W. Shea, F. Schoonover, J. Sheekey, F. Scheftels, E. Swan, W. Von Albade, G. Weidman, H. Ward, G. Wheelock, H. White, E. Werk, F. Welch.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters L. Abrahams, E. Arnold, J. Abercrombie, T. Butler, W. Butler, J. Bernero, W. Blanchfield, A. Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, R. Clark, C. Cressy, J. Cunnea, J. Colbert, P. Dougherty, G. Dyer, H. Downer, W. Dessauer, H. Donahoe, G. Davis, C. Dildine, J. Ervin, F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, F. Frain, W. Frost, O. Fleischer, S. Fleming, M. Flynn, Milton Flynn, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, J. Fogarty, F. Fogarty, L. Griffith, M. Guilbault, H. Huleatt, B. Houser, J. Hinsey, J. Hart, L. Hart, W. Hall, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, M. Jonquet, C. Kelly, J. Kirwan, R. Leclercque, G. Leisander, J. Lawton, E. Lockwood, E. Manion, P. Manion, W. Manion, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, J. McCarthy, A. McFarland, Belford McMaster, Rollin McMaster, F. Bertram Nye, E. Cullen Nye, C. Nix, C. Ninneman, E. O'Connor, D. O'Leary, C. Paul, F. Phillips, G. Phillips, W. Purdy, W. Robbins, H. St. Claire, G. Strong, E. Sinnott, H. Schaus, C. Schonlau, J. Shields, G. Seymour, H. Shipley, D. Topper, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, H. Van Dyke, W. Von Albade, L. Veneziani, G. Wilde, F. Weidman, R. Williams, L. Weber, I. Weis.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

Messrs. G. Barthel, E. Buse, C. Coyne, T. Crowley, A. DeLorimier, P. Dwan, E. DeWulf, A. Darron, E. Davis, F. DuGuay, H. Gallagher, M. Gorski, J. Hiss, F. Heiser, Joseph Hennessey, John Hennessey, E. Long, W. Lavin, T. Murphy, G. Marr, P. Moynihan, F. McKeon, J. McKinney, J. Nieuwland, J. Norman, Mathias, Oswald, Michael Oswald, P. O'Brien, J. O'Connell, P. Ritter, J. Sutton, A. Sammon, M. Schumacher, J. Sullivan, M. Szalewski, J. Trahey, W. Tierney, M. Walsh, W. Wimborg.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Messrs. B. Adelsperger, C. Benson, A. Brogan, W. Baldwin, W. Brand, F. Breslin, J. Clifford, J. Carlton, J. Corley, E. Corley, M. Crepeau, J. Cullinan, F. Dwyer, F. Dorian, C. Doran, J. Fenton, P. Guiff, J. Hartzler, V. Jones, A. Kachur, James Kelly, John Kelly, R. Lynch, W. Malone, F. Maloy, B. Maloy, J. Meighan, P. McElligott, J. McIntyre, F. McKeever, A. McDonald, M. Norris, M. Neville, H. Poulin, H. Pieper, W. Power, H. Rinke, C. Rockey, T. Schwanz, J. Shields, J. Sherry, J. Silver, A. Van der Vennett, A. Wolf, J. Burke.